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101  
P96

# Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 12, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS



Painted by F. Earl Christy

"AFFECTIONATELY YOURS"

Puck



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Puck



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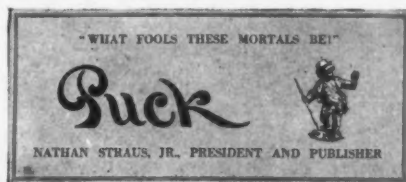
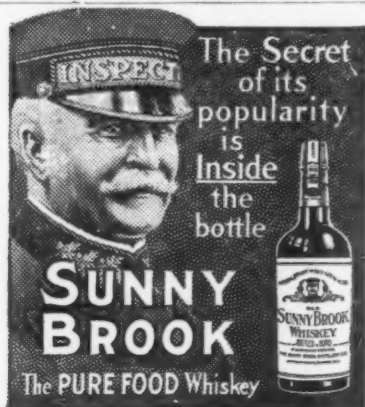
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PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION

210 Fifth Avenue, New York City



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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK is published every Monday (dated the following Saturday) by the Puck Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York City; (Nathan Straus, Jr., President; H. Grant Straus, Secretary and Treasurer).

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL. Contributing Editor, HY MAYER.

FOSTER GILROY, General Manager.

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London Office: PUCK, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

## PUCK Says —

The exhibition of the work of Raphael Kirchner at the Rose Gallery, 246 Fifth Avenue, has aroused great interest in art circles in the city. M. Kirchner's work should be seen by every one interested in Continental European illustrating. The unique subject pictures hung in the Rose Gallery at present should be of peculiar interest to Puck readers, as they may look forward to the regular reproduction from now on of these pictures in full color, in the pages of Puck.

Ralph Barton, whose page in this number will delight you, is one of the few Americans thoroughly imbued with the modern European spirit. The combination of dry wit and dainty illustration embodied in his work make it typical of Puck. Mr. Barton draws exclusively for Puck, and his work will appear in every issue.

In the next number of Puck, W. Barribal of London will be represented by a page in color; and Hy Mayer will have a double-page on the Presidential outlook, showing the candidates playing with their pet toys which they hope will be talismen of success in the coming nominations and elections.

What do you think of the page entitled "Freedom of the Press"? We are running this page every week and we would like to have contributions from PUCK readers. It is impossible for one man to discover all the funny things printed in the daily papers of America. If you find a paragraph deserving of a place in "The Freedom of the Press," clip it out and send it along to "K. S., care of Puck."

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Just Out

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## Ruck



No wonder Socialists are described as "dangerous." Dr. Lunn, the Socialist mayor of Schenectady, says he "shall always place the city's welfare before that of the party machinery."

There is a victim of the mysterious Sleeping Sickness in Brooklyn whose case is utterly unresponsive to treatment. Why not take him out of Brooklyn and begin again? It is hard even for a well man to wake up in Brooklyn.

By a long series of cowardly actions, the people have lost all respect for the Government of the United States.  
—An inconsolable person.

Cheer up! Lincoln was "cowardly" (if you will take the trouble to look up contemporary comment) when he wrote, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Montclair educational authorities declare that illustrated talks on germ diseases frequently "scare" children into sickness. Obviously, the fault lies with the illustrations. Germs designed by Howard Chandler Christy or Harrison Fisher, for example, wouldn't scare anybody.

Astronomers have discovered another moon in the collection of Jupiter, mak-



**BUT THE BIGGEST BOOM IS TO COME**



**OUR BEST LITTLE GAS-BOMBER**

Drawn by Nelson Greene

ing eight in all. Possibly the advocates of defense on Jupiter are firm for a policy of at least one new moon a year.

Your coat may be as long or as short as you please.—*Fashion page item.*

"Slavery, or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime," has been prohibited in this country since shortly after the Civil War.

Arizona has given up a prehistoric human skeleton, all of the bones of which are a beautiful shade of green. Possibly the remains of the first American to buy mining stock.

Every week sees an increase of the Allies' superiority in numbers on the western front. The British artillery is now firing two shells to every one now fired by the German guns.

—T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

What—if it isn't impudent to inquire—is the relative proportion of hits?

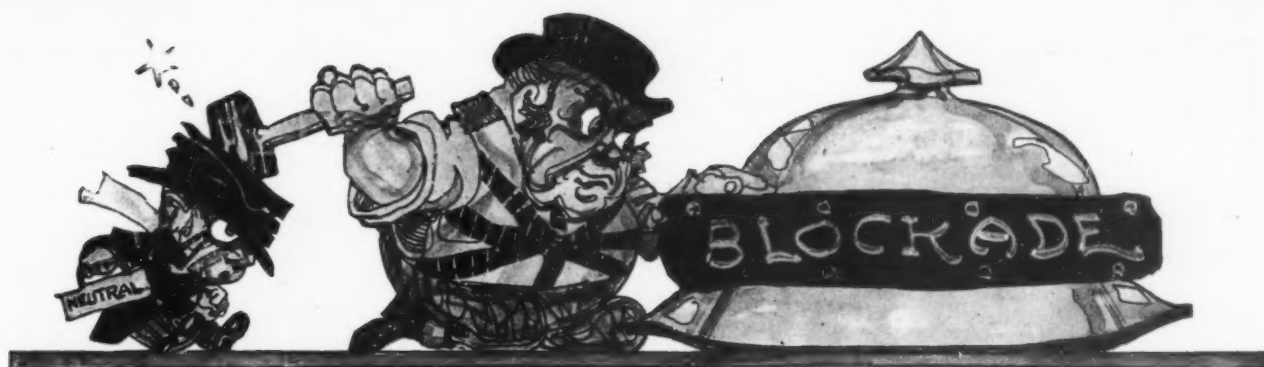
A Pacific coast man, sued for desertion, declares vehemently that the woman married his twin-brother. This is one of the best arguments for twins we have ever heard.

The Republic of Chile, according to its latest budget statement, takes in more money in a year than it spends. We always suspected that those South American communities were crude and half civilized. Somebody should introduce Pork into Chile.

Uncle Joe Cannon, speaking informally to a delegation of school girls, said he had only one request to make of them, and that was that they would not become suffragettes. He would rather, he said, have them good cooks. Man's chief fear in the event of woman suffrage is that his stomach may suffer.



Ruck



## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

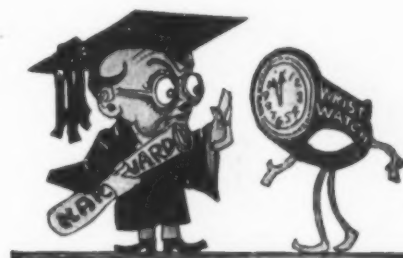
The English, in their innocence,  
Evolved a brilliant notion:  
They plan to put a picket fence  
Around their private ocean.  
The Native Son-struck watch their  
chance —  
Alive, alert and fox-eyed.  
Be cheered, mere man!  
They've waived the ban  
On hydrogen peroxide.

The scene of Ed Lee Master's yarns —  
The River Spoon — is swollen;  
The G. O. P. should close its Barnes  
Before too much is stolen.  
The Prexy toured the cities of  
The anti-army mushes;  
To sway the throng,  
He took along  
His military brushes.

Vienna and Berlin have sworn  
To sink but very few boats;  
Their submarines, of power shorn,  
To-day are lamblike ewe-boats.  
The pesky Montenegrins showed  
Considerable gumption:  
With deep intent,  
They calmly went  
And planned the war's resumption.



Peace seekers all are met with shells  
And eke with armored mitten;  
The failure at those Darnedanelles  
Still preys upon Great Britain.  
The King of Greece remains in an  
Embarrassing position;  
The cuisine  
La Philippine  
Is in for prohibition.



The once wild men of Borneo  
Doc Cook declares are *not* wild;  
Can anyone inform us, though,  
Just why they ever *got* wild?  
They've no rush hour, no politics,  
No Broadway, burning whitely;  
No Castle Glides,  
And then besides,  
They've known the Doc but slightly.

In Mexico the price of hemp  
Exceeds the cost of cotton;  
Franz Joseph, the distinguished Emp,  
Is feeling pretty rotten.  
Give ear: at auction bridge, unless  
You care to come a cropper,  
A share of Steel  
For every deal  
Is now considered proper.

Osc Hammerstein has lost his kale;  
Bill Taft is getting fatter  
(Those two are points which never  
fail  
When one is short of matter).  
The income tax is well within  
The U. S. Constitution —  
Which fails to place  
On *our* young face  
A single convolution.





By Hy Mayer

<sup>paredness</sup>  
~~PREVENTION~~ IS BETTER THAN CURE.



### What Is Back of "National Honor"

**N**ATIONAL Honor is the clothes-line on which Republican politicians are hanging their campaign matter for the delectation and the edification of Europe. If we believe them, national self-respect is dead, and only they know how to resuscitate it. Unable to impeach the prosperity of the United States under a Democratic regime, which has heretofore been their point of attack, they seek to find in the esteem in which we are held by foreign countries the most vulnerable point at which to strike at the Administration. Still, the United States has done something in the last year to earn the respect and gratitude of Europe.

Neither Germany nor England, the two leading nations in the struggle, can point to any such record of concerted effort to alleviate human suffering as has been made by the United States throughout the last year both in Poland and Belgium. The efforts to save the inhabitants of these wretched countries from starvation has been conceived upon a scale and executed in a manner unprecedented in history. Democracy and Wilson have fostered, not only prosperity and peace for the United States, but a work of philanthropy and life-saving for Europe.

And this work could not well have been done had *we* been at war. It would have been easy to lure the people of America into such a war many times in the past year. It would have been easy by summoning the spectre of outraged national honor to have drawn us into this war where National Honor is the last thing considered. But Democracy and Wilson have not done this. They have ushered in an era of prosperity so conspicuous that even the loudest of the Republican calamity howlers have been silenced. But they have done far more. Instead of chasing a chimera of National Honor by the sacrifice of life and property, they have kept aloof, not only for the purpose of saving one spot of the earth in dignity and peace, but for the purpose of saving lives and souls in Belgium and in Poland. Where would Belgium be, where would Poland be, where would the sanity of the world be if we, too, were at war?

If you want continued prosperity and continued peace; if you really desire the continuance of the life-saving work of America in Poland and in Belgium or wherever suffering humanity needs us; if you wish to see the United States continue as a haven of peace to which a war-mad world can turn, maintain in office Wilson and Democracy.

If you want war, with its business stagnation, with its wasteful effort devoted to feverish manufacture of instruments of destruction, with its sacrifice of life and property, with its debasing morality — if you wish, in a word, to duplicate in America the conditions of the last year in Europe, work for Roosevelt and Jingoism.

### A War That is Worth While

"Just as fire prevention has become an integral and important part of the Fire Department of the city of New York, so disease prevention has become an integral and important part of the Health department of the city . . . . .

"As a part of a broad and progressive programme prepared under the able direction of Dr. S. S. Goldwater, until recently Commissioner of Health, the Department inaugurated a plan of examining the waiters, cooks, and other food-handlers in public restaurants, together with the peddlers of food, and all bakers of the city, with the purpose of prohibiting those men and women who have communicable diseases from touching the food or eating utensils used by the public."

—The Outlook.

**W**HILE the war goes on and we read of man slaughtering man, of the triumph of one instrument of destruction over another, we are apt to lose sight of the still small voice, the voice of the real history that is being daily written in our United States. True history is also the story of wars, but it is not the story of wars of man upon man, but of wars of man upon the forces of nature allied against him. As in the warfare of man upon man, so in the warfare of man upon forces of nature, slackers on the inside are almost as hard to fight as the enemy on the outside.

This latest campaign in the war of science on disease, outlined in the paragraph quoted above, will be met of course by indignation on the part of some well-meaning persons and by scoffing and jeers on the part of the long-eared animals that sit in the editorial rooms of certain publications. The same people will jeer at this feat of progress that jeered at the discovery of anti-toxin which marked the end of the danger from diphtheria. The same "slackers" will scoff at this campaign that scoffed at the introduction of the serum that is even now rendering typhoid a disease of the past. But the move on the part of the Health Board to eliminate from contact with our food, persons carrying communicable diseases, is nevertheless the beginning of a great battle of real historic significance. And victory in this battle will mean a victory of lasting importance for the progress of humanity.

### It Is Easy When You Know

**H**OW a certain immaculate party could permit himself to be identified with "malefactors of great wealth," has been a puzzle ever since the Gary dinner. Given the key, however, this puzzle, like most puzzles, is easy of solution. "Malefactors of great wealth," by the simple process of association with a certain immaculate party at once become "men of my type."





#### THE GAMBLING INSTINCT

"Walk right up and place your bets, gents! Two worms to one that the big hand gets around first"

#### A Few Insulting Remarks

"Alas!" cries the Anything-to-Beat-Wilsonite, "America has lost the respect of the world. Every nation's back is turned to us; we have no friends. American citizens are insulted everywhere."

This, needless to say, is not as it

should be. An American citizen, if he minds his own business and does not interfere with any one else's, should be secure against insult anywhere within the bounds of civilization. A stranger in a strange land, he asks but for fairness. Courteous treatment should be accorded him, not as a favor, but as a right. He resents being "scorned" and "villified"; he objects to being "held in contempt." He demands respect.

Perhaps the foreign peoples who are so ready to "insult" American citizens need an object lesson in the art of courtesy to strangers. If so, where better than in the United States may this lesson be taught them? Here, courtesy is no empty bluff. Here the stranger is put at his ease; speedily he feels at home.

Notice the kindness with which we



A NOISE LIKE A CAT

allude to the Italian as a "wop" or a "dago." We do not whisper these endearments; we say them to his face. Regard the good fellowship with which young America grabs the beard of a Russian Jew and suggests in high-pitched Na-a-a-a-a its resemblance to that of a goat. Observe in what spirit of helpfulness an American trolley conductor meets the broken and bewildered queries of an humble gentleman from the Balkans; and note the ready sympathy of the bystanders for the Balkan person's dilemma. Consider the Chinaman. Not a sociable mortal from the American point of view, do we turn upon him the cold, inhospitable shoulder because of that? Not we; as any number of shattered laundry windows have abundantly testified.

We might proceed indefinitely, but enough is sufficient. Oh, if the foreign arrogance which scorns, even insults, the American passer-by, could only be replaced with America's own spirit of brotherly love and forbearance, what a pleasant place to dwell in the world would become! Instead of the Mailed Fist, the Glad Hand.

AGENT: All the lower berths are taken.

FAT MAN: That's all right. Give me an upper over some thin, nervous man. When he sees me he'll be glad to exchange.

Why all this fuss about the discovery that a hostile warship could anchor off Rockaway and drop shells into Fourteenth Street? Very few of our best people live in Fourteenth Street.

"What, kissing my daughter?"

"Well, sir, she can't talk, she can't sing, and she can't play the piano. One must do something to pass away the time."



#### DISILLUSIONED

THE BIRD: Hallo, young 'un! What's the trouble?

THE HIPPO-PUP: N-n-nuffin, only—boo, hoo!—this is the first time I've ever seen myself

Drawn by G. E. Studdy of London

### Glossary of the Movies

**Pie:** Something with which to swat a man in the face. See Comedy.

**Peril:** Any situation which has a Chinaman in it, or a man with a bandanna and earrings.

**Breeze:** Something which blows the heroine's hair in the garden scenes.

**Shawl:** Garment worn by a strange woman coming back for a glimpse of her "chee-ild."

**Chee-ild:** Anything under 30 that skips when it walks.

**Goatee:** Facial adornment for "fathers" and "colonels."

**Fishing Village:** A place where men make love in hip-boots.

**Tree:** Something to climb modestly. See Stockings. See Breeze. See Ingenue.

**Boxing Gloves:** Apparel for the hands, usually stuffed with scrap-iron. See Comedy.

**Policeman:** A person who, on being kicked in the stomach, falls down humorously.

**Pipe:** That which heroes smoke. See Exile.

**Clergyman:** A male person in black clothes who raises his hand, palm outward, and looks up in the air.

**Comedian:** A man without a collar. See Pie. See Boxing Gloves.

**Business Man:** Something with white sidewhiskers.

**Wedding:** (1) An unhappy beginning. (2) A happy ending. See Goatee.

**Gout:** Something to step on. See Comedy.

**Society Man:** Any person with a tennis racket. See Breeze.



Drawn by W. E. Hill

### AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

**THE STENOGR.** Don't that efficiency expert make you tired?

**THE SHIPPING CLERK:** Oh, I dunno. By followin' out his rules I get more time to loaf on the job

### The Gentleman from Homeville

Once there was a Congressman from an inland district who was "bitterly opposed" to preparedness.

"This preparedness propaganda," he said, "is but a scheme of the moneyed interests to make still more money, and to make it at the government's expense. Never shall it go on record that I —"

And more, lots more, to the same defiant effect.

Argument could not move him. Consideration of prudence and public safety changed him not. He was outspoken in his opposition. He was firm.

Then, one day, in a copy of the *Homeville Echo*, he read that the Button Factory at the corner of Main and High Streets was making cartridges, and that the Brass Foundry on lower South Street had hired a lot more hands and was turning out metal band-aids for shrapnel shells. Incidentally he knew that a majority of the workers in both factory and foundry were voters. Whereupon the Congressman's opinions underwent an interesting change.

"While," said he, "we must not permit ourselves to be carried away on the flood tide of hysteria, we must nevertheless be alive to the necessity for adequate national defense. We must remember the fate of Belgium."

**Moral:** Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the home district.

Certain sensitive brokers are much offended because a new movie film shows a robber buying bonds and stocks. The mistake will be obvious to everyone. The film should have shown the robber selling bonds and stocks.

The site of Theodore Roosevelt's birth sold for \$250,000 the other day. But don't jump at conclusions. There was an office building on it.



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

### THE AFFECTIONATE RECRUIT

"Now then, Brown, it's all right to be fond of your horse, but you needn't be so confoundedly demonstrative about it"



Buck

## THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

### Winter Books

During the horrible holidays — horrible to all except children and ingenuous folk — I had a brief respite from the theatres, music, opera (which is seldom music) and art so-called. I filled the interval with the aid of new books, which had begun to encroach upon the elbow-room of my desk. I confess that I am in arrears to the publishers who so courteously remembered me during the late autumn, and I hasten to make all due apologies. I can't read at the opera or theatres, though I often like to do so, and a book in an art gallery would be considered a gratuitous insult to the pictures. Chief among holiday books, and it will be just as appropriate a gift in 1916 as it was last Christmas, is the beautiful edition of Clayton Hamilton's "On the Trail of Stevenson," appropriately illustrated by Walter Hale. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Mr. Hamilton, for whose criticisms of the drama I have a high opinion, is a Stevenson worshipper, and he belongs to a large company, I am glad to say, for in these utilitarian times when almost every one is writing books to prove something or other — usually something silly or vicious, such as politics or prohibition — the works of R. L. S. are a refuge from the noisy, impertinent yawpings of reformers, uplifters and generally rotten writers. In Stevenson nothing is proved except the beauty of style and the joy of a good yarn. All this is heresy, I know, but I'm one of the old guard and rigorously hold to De Quincey's definition of the literature of power and the literature of knowledge. Stevenson is in the first category, though he seldom troubled the profound depths of passion. His admirers will follow Clayton Hamilton's charming itinerary with interest. He is an admirable guide. He has Stevensonism at his finger-tips.

### Six French Poets

Amy Lowell is an accomplished poet and technician in *vers libres*, as her volume, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," tells us, and anything she writes about her art is necessarily authoritative. Her new volume, "Six French Poets," is an elaborate study of certain men famous in latter-day French literature, though some of them are still strangers to American readers. In 1900 Vance Thompson dealt with these poets in his "French Poets" (not alone as a "pleasant anecdote account," as Miss Lowell puts it, in her preface, but critically, in the best sense of the word) and a later edition was issued by Mitchell Kennerley. But Miss Lowell supplements her keen views by some excellent translations, rather paraphrases, of the poetry. There is also a valuable bibliography. The names of the six poets selected are: Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes, and Paul Fort. The inclusion of de Gourmont's name may surprise those who are only acquainted with this great thinker, great writer — alas! no longer among the living — as a philosopher, philologist, critic and novelist. Shortly before his death in September, 1915, he sent me with one of his charming letters, a volume of his verse, elaborate, colored and technically impeccable. He was a cerebral rather than an instinctive poet — as is, for example, the formidable Belgian, Verhaeren; yet there is perfume and a delightful arti-



ficality to be found in his measures. Miss Lowell does justice to the genius of the man, though she balks at the note of eroticism that sings so clearly in many of his pages. The other poets Miss Lowell discusses most competently. (Macmillan.)

### Theodore Dreiser is *The Genius*

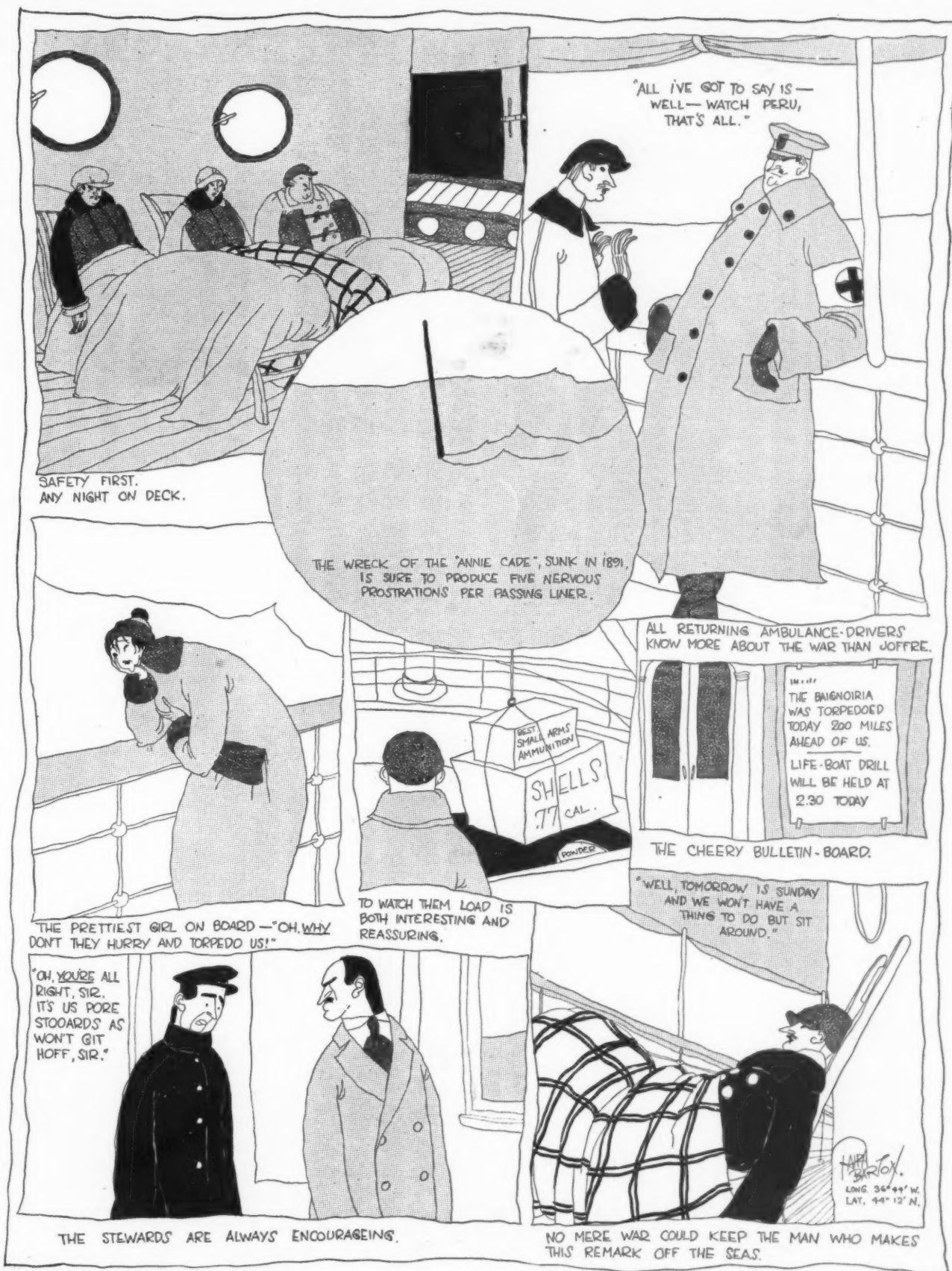
nothing if not epic-al. He is not following the present vogue in English fiction, of long-winded fiction as written by Arnold Bennett, but to express himself on commensurate scale. His recent novel, "The Genius," is over 700 pages and might be reduced to half the number without hurting the story. Note the title, "The Genius" — which means that the author leaves us in doubt whether he considers his hero a real "genius." He is not. He is a shallow bore, and a wooden Indian as to character after he leaves the Middle West to settle in New York. Some illustrators have been geniuses; Aubrey Beardsley was one; but to call such a nonentity as Eugene Witla a "genius" because he manufactured East Side pictures with the pity-motive as a tag, is risible. We know those illustrations, those paintings, with their cheap socialistic appeal. However, Mr. Dreiser holds the scales fairly. The wife of the weak young chap is the most viable figure in a book crowded with incident. It is difficult to paint the unheroic; few writers, with the exception of the mighty Russian Realists and Flaubert, have succeeded; the latter in his "Sentimental Education" produced a masterpiece of the mediocre bungler in the character of Frederic Moreau. I enjoyed "The Genius," yet do I wish that it were shorter. You can't see the trees because of the forest, in this instance. (John Lane Company.)

### Ivan Goncharov's fiction, "Oblomov," was written many years ago (1848-1858; see Waliszewski). It is become a classic. And now it is in English garb for the first time. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. (Macmillan.)

It depicts with supreme literary skill a type said to have been prevalent in Russian life during the middle years of the last century, and a type, I suspect, that is by no means extinct. Oblomov is a young nobleman of means who lets things slide and literally dies from laziness. The novel assumes the proportion of an epic of laziness. *Aboulia*, the malady that is the basis of all weak-willed, irresolute humans, is the curse of Oblomov; indeed, the author hints of a psychological disease peculiar to Russian character which he calls Oblomovism. The other day re-reading "Dead Souls," that wonderful novel of Gogol — now in the Everyman's Library (J. M. Dent & Co.), I came across the character of Tientietnikov, evidently the original of Oblomov (all the Russian novelists go to Gogol as a well-spring of inspiration: Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Turgenyev, Artzibasheff and the rest. He, too, is irresolute. He fears life as mankind fears death. While reading "Oblomov," a new volume by Stephen Graham, "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," will prove an illuminating commentary, especially of religious Russia. The Russian Idea is set forth with perspicacity and unbounded sympathy.

(Continued on page 18)





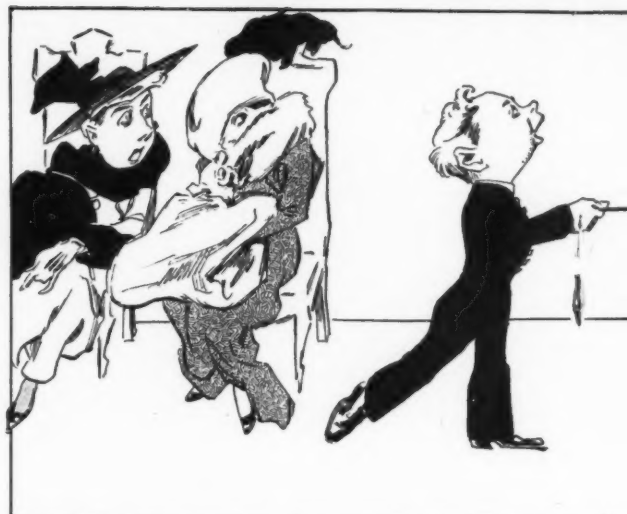
### PREPAREDNESS ON THE HIGH SEAS

Drawn by Ralph Barton

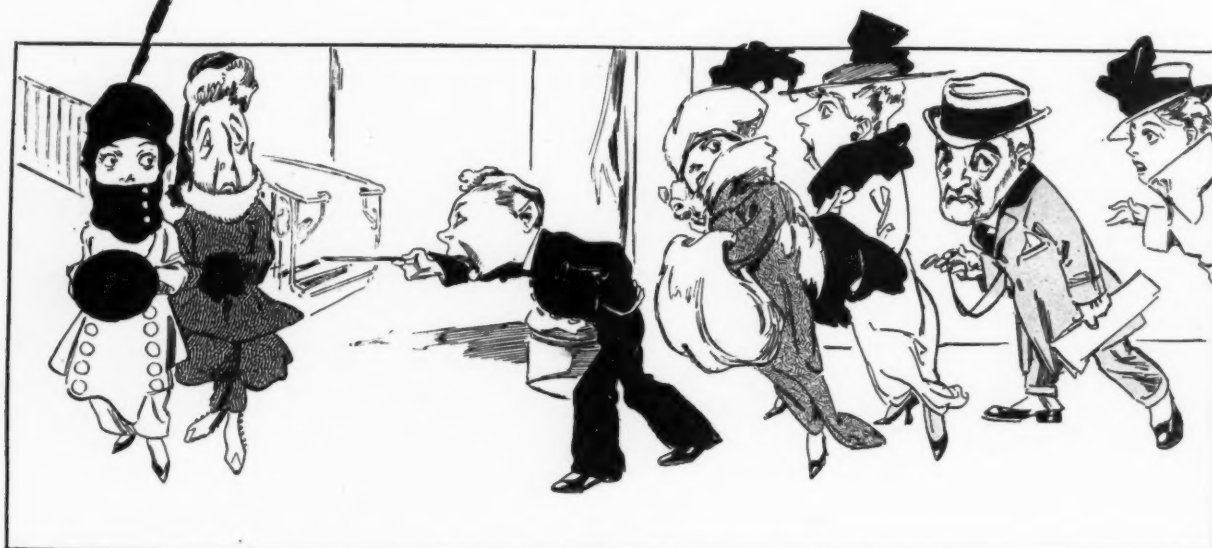
These sketches, by Ralph Barton of Puck's staff, were not "faked" in the snug security of a New York studio; Mr. Barton made them, with the originals right before him, on a voyage through dangerous waters. More vividly than words, they tell of the voyager's frame of mind. In these days of periscopes, "reparation" and "disavowal," life on deck is not all shuffleboard and siesta



"See if you can find the Prince Natzwill de Schlappopsky."



"The Prince Natzwill de Schlappopsky!"



"The Prince Natzwill de Schlappopsky!"



Voice is heard coming from Dining Room—"Yes"

PAGING A C

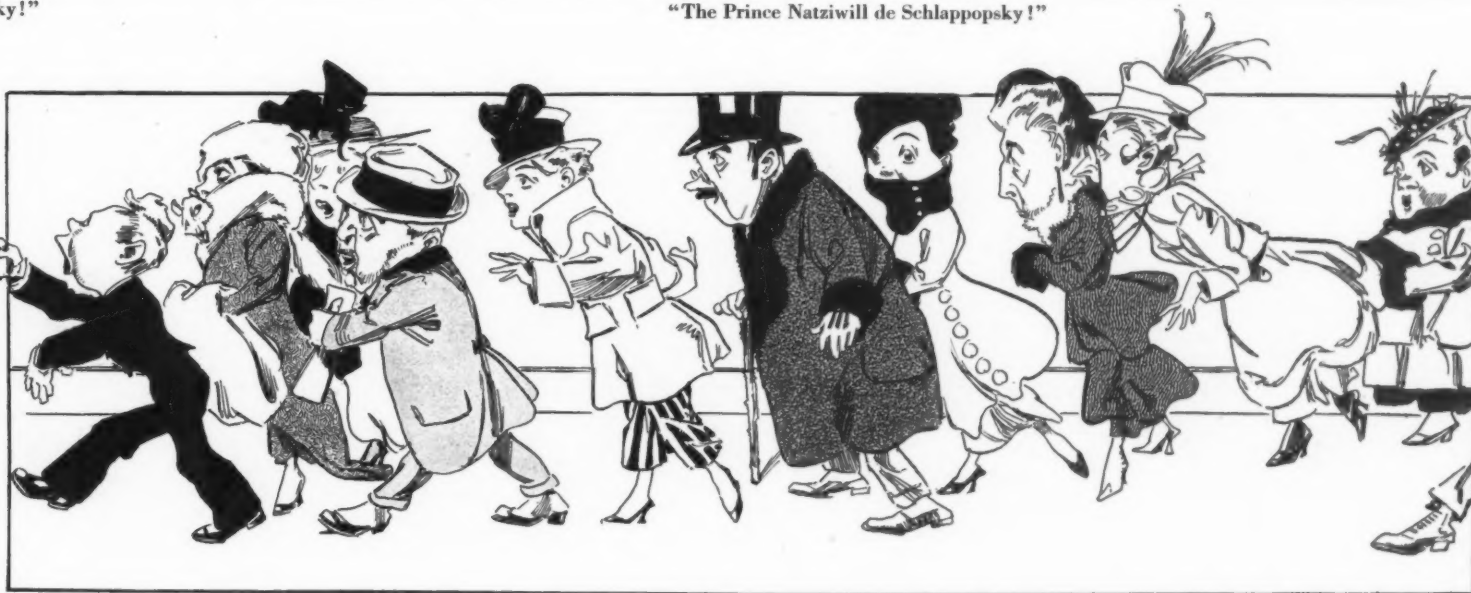
Ruck



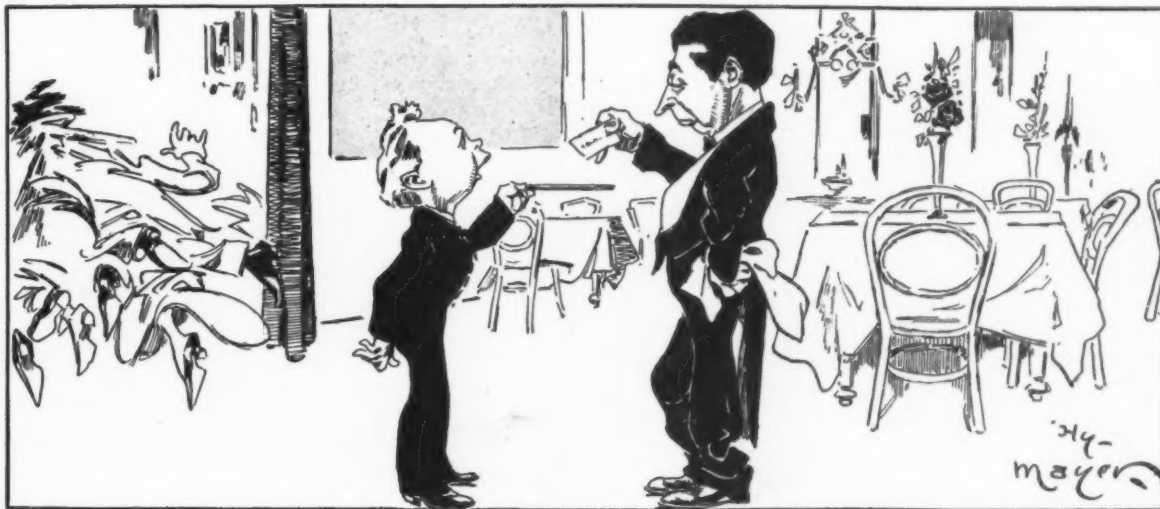
opsky!"



"The Prince Natzwill de Schlappopsky!"



"The Prince Natzwill de Schlappopsky!"



The Waiter: "Dat's me"

By HY MAYER

NG A CELEBRITY





Ruck

## FIGHTIER' THAN THE SWORD

BY LAWTON MACKALL



This world would be a far different place if there were peace among pens. As it is, however, every pen wears a drop of ink on its shoulder.

Not even the tender ministrations of chamois cloth will soothe its savage heart. It is deaf to sweet reasonableness. Returning drunk from the inkwell, it will smutch the hand that fed it, cast blots upon the fairest names, and ravish virgin sheets of paper. And when you try to force it to a more civilized way of behaving, you discover it has its points crossed.

A pen thus divided against itself will not write. There must be freedom for the black fluid. There must be perfect harmony — two prongs with but a single point, two parts that meet as one. Disunion is a sign of weakness.

I had a pen once whose prongs became estranged. They were egoists: each followed his individual bent, and was determined to make his own mark in his own field. For the sake of appearances, they took their meals of ink together, but immediately afterward, when pressure was brought to bear upon them, they separated. Yet when one of them, striving too hard after originality, broke under the strain, his widow was left desolate.

More domestic in an old-fashioned way is that staunch, blunt family, the Stubbs. They are firm and substantial sort of pens. By people who dislike them they are called phlegmatic, stodgy, close, stiff-nibbed; and it must be admitted, they do lack the sprightliness of the Sharps; but, after all, these unyielding puritans, with their heavy touch, are more trustworthy than their acute but volatile cousins. For temperament in a pen finds vent in sudden splutterings.

The difference in their natures is evidenced by the way they meet obstacles. The Stubbs, plodding along doggedly, overcome all hazards in the paper; whereas the Sharps, tripping nonchalantly, come to grief at the first bunker, and before they get started again, waste several strokes and gouge the course. And when the Sharps attempt to run the gauntlet of expensive linen stationery (the higher the price, the higher the ridges), they get held up at every cable crossing. But there is a kind of paper — smooth,

slippery, insidious — that prompts both the Sharps and the Stubbs to evil ways.

They know they are doing wrong, however; for they are ashamed, and conceal their tracks, rendering all tracing impossible.

It is a great pity that pens are not more consistent about their ink giving. One moment they are stingy, and the next lavish. Perhaps this may be due to absent-mindedness.

Beginning a letter to a crabbed old relative, you say to your pen, "Give me a little ink for 'Dear Uncle Jonathan.'"

It ignores the request. You urge again. Still it is thinking of something else. "Here, wake up, now!" (You shake it violently.) "Give me some ink!"

"Why, certainly," it replies effusively. "Take a blot."

And "Dear Uncle Jonathan" is buried with deep mourning.

Haphazard as their outgivings appear to be, I have a theory that they are in reality quite logical; for I have noticed that *pens spend most ink on things that are worth most*. Thus, a pen that would begrudge to disburse a single minim on a cheap sheet of a pad, will gladly expend all it has upon a costly embroidered tablecloth. And it finds the flyleaf of a handsome book (which if separate from the volume it would regard as a mere scrap of paper) amazingly absorbing. If it take a fancy to something large and sumptuous, such as an Oriental rug, and yet not have on hand sufficient ink for such an outlay, it will appropriate it with a deposit of spot cash.

However little aptitude a pen may have for writing, it is sure to display rare skill as a fisherman. In the most unpromising

inkwell it will catch deep sea monsters that astound you. It will spear great flounders of blotting paper and wriggly eels of string. It will drag up from the bottom wreckage of forgotten times, prehistoric flora and fauna — an antique rubber band, a female tress (perhaps of some ink-nymph long dead or discharged), a tack bent with age, a perfectly preserved shoe button, a less perfectly preserved mummy of a fly.

The perseverance of this follower of Isaac Walton is admirable. It

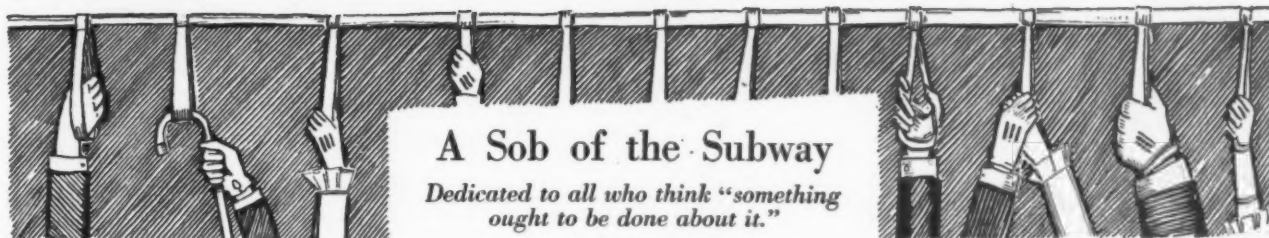
(Continued on page 20)



Modeled in clay by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy

MRS. LEONARD THOMAS





## A Sob of the Subway

Dedicated to all who think "something ought to be done about it."

Permit us here to tell,  
Appealing to your pity,  
Of something which befell  
A dweller in your city.

One eve, the Subway throng  
Was extra fierce (*you've been there*),  
And folks were moved along  
With cries of "In! Get in there!"

This night, a platform man,  
Whose function is to pack 'em,  
(*To coax 'em if he can,*  
*And if he can't, to whack 'em*)—



This night, a platform chap,  
While herding human cattle,  
Gave James G. Bronx a slap  
That caused his ribs to rattle.

Bill Bronx, his brother, too,  
Received the man's assistance;  
The door, it sent them through,  
And in the car, some distance.

And Jim and Bill were mad;  
(*You really cannot doubt it*);  
But different thoughts they had  
On what to do about it.

A solemn vow each made,  
Jim Bronx and Bill, his brother;  
But different plans they laid;  
They didn't tell each other.

Jim Bronx at once became  
A man of "public spirit";  
He sought "to place the blame."  
A speech? He went to hear it.

He joined Boards of Trade,  
And various committees;  
And "civic" trips he made  
To "learn" from other cities.

He fought the "transit gang";  
He spoke of "vile conditions";  
His business went to hang—  
He had so many "missions."

No time he had at all  
For kin or those about him;  
But at the City Hall  
No "hearing" was without him.

He dabbled with the laws;  
Applied for stern Injunction,  
Writ, Order to Show Cause,  
With most amazing unction;

Wrote letters "to the press,"  
Called "indignation" meetings,  
"Petitioned" more or less,  
And now and then sent "greetings."

And when—the end is sad—  
He died 'mid those who loved him,  
"Conditions" were as bad  
As when the Subway "shoved" him.

His Subway days were past;  
No need, of course, to shout it,  
But of his words, the last  
Were: "Something—do—about it."

Meanwhile, his brother Bill  
Another course had taken;  
His resolution still  
Is sturdily unshaken.

He reasoned thus that night:  
"This crush ain't up to me, so  
Although it's hell all right,  
I guess I'll let it be so."

He had no "civic pride."  
Said he: "The coin I'll go fer;  
I'll work till I kin ride  
Uptown behind me showfer."

He did; he spent his days  
In labor unremitting.  
He prospered, lots of ways,  
By sticking to his knitting.

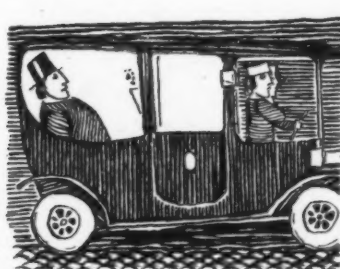
His stable is replete  
With gasoline devices  
For touring the street,  
However high the price is.



The Subway Crush? Ah, yes;  
Ah yes; of course he's heard of;  
Sees mention in the press,  
But never reads a word of.

At eve, in limousine,  
All radiant and restful,  
He says he finds the scene,  
Upon the whole, quite zestful.

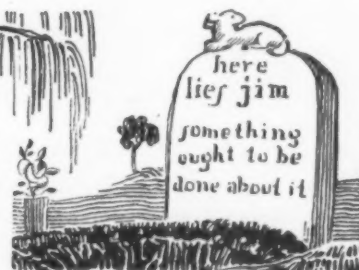
Upon his homeward way,  
The curbstone deftly skirting,  
He says it's "like a play";  
The crowds are "so diverting."



### In lieu of a Moral

Now which, my boy, would you rather be?  
Indifferent, like Bill, to you and me?  
Bill with his cars and his chauffeur trim—  
Or "civically helpful" but dead—like Jim?

—A. H. F.





Puck

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

(Address contributions for this page to "K. S., care of PUCK.")



### Quite So

The electric fire alarm was turned in and a few minutes later the Central fire company arrived, and at that time smoke was issuing from all the doors and windows. This was conclusive that the interior of the structure was ablaze.

—The Morrison (Ill.) Sentinel.

### Merely a "Movie"

The street corner loafer has moved from the shady side of the street over to the sunny side later or he'll move to the friendly side of a foot-rest stove. Every time he moves he will change the topic of his fluent conversation. He will never do any good in the world, usually a whole lot of harm; but every town has 'em. When one man passes on there will be some man or boy ready to take his place. We can't imagine what they will do in the next world for heaven will be too quiet and hates too hot.

—The Bentonville (Ark.) Sun.

### Doubtless He Looked Sweet

The groom was attired in a gown of white net over chiffon.

—The Paxton (Ill.) Record.

### Farm Attractions

Fairview school house is being remodeled and made modern in every way. It is thought now that they will get a globe and they already have a dictionary. A few dollars spent judiciously along these lines will probably stop the young folks leaving the farm.

—The Wilson County (Kan.) Citizen.

### When Mother Visits

Mrs. Maxwell of Sycamore, visited her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Smith, last week. Mrs. Smith ran a nail in her foot. Mr. Smith cut his eye ball with a piece of steel, and their son, Horace, broke his arm.

—The Aurora (Ill.) Beacon-News.

### Oh, Joy!

Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre were in Trumansburg Sunday after peaches. They returned well loaded.

—The Marathon (N. Y.) Independent.

### Truth, the Stranger to Fiction

A few mornings ago a tramp was given a good breakfast by the wife of Dr. Oscar Stuart. The man went to the river and in a secluded spot took off his clothes and washed them in the stream. He had set out fishing hooks, and during the time he was washing and drying his clothes caught a nice string of fish, which he carried back to the house and presented to Mrs. Stuart, proving that he was grateful for his breakfast.

The Paris (Mo.) Appeal.

### Happy Wedded Life

No wonder Roy Gibson is hale, hearty and fat. Mrs. Gibson provides for him well in the eating line. She spent last week at the home of her father, S. H. Stokes, and returned home with 25 bushels of apples, 12 gallons of apple butter and 7 sacks of walnuts. We look for Roy to let his belt out another notch.

—The Seymour (Mo.) Citizen.

### "Contending" May Be All Right

Miss Hazel L. Snover, a graduate of the Richmond High school class of 1912, and one of our most popular young ladies, was quietly married to Roy G. Milton, of Armada, last Friday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Traver, of Pontiac, at the pastor's residence in that city in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contending parties.

—The Richmond (Mich.) Review.

### Kerrigan Knew

The big boss sent Kerrigan out to see if any liquor was sold on Sunday, and when he came back Friday he said there was.

—The Louisville (Ken.) Herald.

### The Sea of Matrimony

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Saur on Saturday resumed their maritime vows, taken fifty years ago in Germany.

The Racine (Wis.) Times.

### Another of Those Strange Accidents

Mr. Corger did not escape entirely. He was hit on the contrary.

—The Colorado Springs (Col.) Citizen.

### The King of Happiness Holds Court

On up until almost 4 o'clock the dancers were subject to "the king of happiness." Gradually the guests departed, all intoxicated with the joy of the event, which will linger long in the memory of the many guests as an unforgettable event of social importance. Such parties come all too seldom, but are the milestones of the social world, marking as they do the times of keenest enjoyment to the socially inclined.

—The Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.

### Love vs. Live Stock

She knew that to unite her lot with the young attorney meant the severing of all ties that bound her to her rural home and the live stock she was interested in. It was on account of these things that kept her for a long time from accepting the heart and hand of the suitor who so diligently pressed his suit.

—The Canton (Mo.) News.

### The Way She Won Him

The bride, while not very good looking is said to be a fine cook and to have a kindly disposition. We congratulate Mr. Jonter.

—The Beech (Md.) Record.

### The Calf Came Back

Will Lind bought a calf at E. S. Weaver's sale and he and Steve Shokan were taking it home in a wagon when the calf jumped overboard and Steve had to chase it a mile and a half back to Weaver's.

—The Mears (Mich.) News.

### Why Some Men and Dentists Smile

Davey Ellias came down from the Cog City to visit home folks for a week. Davey is going to saw wood during the day and smile at the pretty girls during the evening as he had several new gold teeth inserted of late.

—The Pomeroy (O.) Tribune-Telegraph.

### A Man of Capacity

We got out the paper alright this week notwithstanding the jug of fine cider presented us Monday by Ed Weissert.

—The Seymour (Mo.) Citizen.

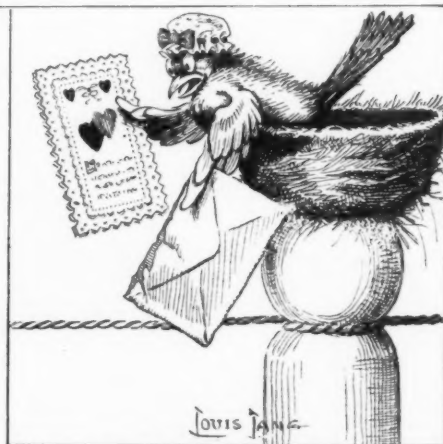
## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE—IX



"Miss Chirp will know how much I think of her when she gets this valentine."



En route



"Why, the very idea! Who sent me this picture of their giblets?"





"IT'S YOUR MOVE, BILL"

For the first time in the history of the United States, an Indian has sued and recovered damages from another Indian for the alienation of his squaw's affections. Thus does the great work of civilization go triumphantly on. The next great step will be taken when a squaw establishes a teepee residence in Reno in order to divorce her noble red man.

Science is making marvelous strides, X-ray moving-pictures being the latest. It will soon be possible for a young woman to show "him" a moving-picture of his heart action on the night he proposed.

A western politician is of the opinion that "Colonel Roosevelt will have to be nominated without being a candidate." How many, alas, have been the reverse of this — or, in other words, have been a candidate without being nominated.



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# Puck

(Continued from page 10)

**Let Us Rejoice** Here is Robert Chambers (the W. of his middle name surely means Wit!) in another of his rôles! He is the chameleon among contemporary novelists. His latest exploit is a book of loosely connected tales — extravaganzas, is a more befitting word — entitled "Police!!!" — please don't forget the exclamation points! — and you fancy a criminal romance is ready for your delectation, but the initial illustration disabuses your mind. Girls, bushels of them, and not too warmly clad, salute the eye; the Henry Hutt girl, and she is enticing. If the opening story, "The Third Eye," had been signed by H. G. Wells, we should have cried aloud: "Behold! the ingenious Herbert has returned to his captivating manner of 'The First Men in the Moon'"; for this fantasy on the pineal gland, which is supposed by scientists to have served as a third eye in earlier forms of the human animal, is the theme of a gripping narrative spiced by a resilient human that is missing in Wells. Chambers is always gay, always readable. (Appleton's.)

**The Only George Jean** No need to tell you that his full name is George Jean Nathan, for he is beloved of Puck readers. His new offering is called "Another Book on the Theatre." Anything that Mr. Nathan pins to paper in the way of criticism, comment or gossip is worth while, for he is witty, wise and cruel — the latter quality is his critical red badge of courage. He says out loud at meeting things that shock the theatrical Elders. He is the Bad Boy of New York dramatic criticism.

**Dramatic Criticism** The second series of Columbia University's Dramatic Museum comprise several classics and some new criticisms of the art of acting that are significant. "Art and the Actor," by Constant Coquelin, is introduced by Henry James in an essay written for the *Century Magazine* in 1877, therefore is clarity itself. Two essays on Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth and as Queen Katharine by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin, is prefaced by Brander Matthews — who is the editor of the series; "Reflexions on Acting," by Talma, is introduced by Henry Irving, and a review by H. C. Fleeming Jenkin, and an essay on "The Illusion of the First Time in Acting," by William Gillette, with a foreword by George Arliss. This is a very valuable contribution made by two distinguished practitioners in their art. It should be read and weighed by every critic of the drama in the land.

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The Allies, considering the present state of the war, must cope more vigorously with the problem of getting nearer to victory.—From a particularly special dispatch from London.

One by one the war secrets are beginning to leak out.



THE APT REMARK  
"Keep off! The line's busy!"

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a man's as old as he feels, a  
pipe's as old as it tastes.

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**CLEANED OUT**

**THE VICTIM:** I'm sorry to disappoint you, gentlemen—but my wife beat you to it.

**Fightier Than the Sword**

(Continued from page 14)

will cast patiently again and again without a single dribble, and then, all at once, it will come struggling triumphantly to the surface with a whale of a June bug it has harpooned. Whereupon, as is the custom with fishermen who write, it will make a grand splurge of its catch on paper.

In order to prevent such piscatorial dippiness, pen fanciers have bred the fountain species, the latest variety of which is self-spilling. Pens of this artificially produced species are very nervous. They have to be handled with extreme care. For example, if one of them is held upside down, all the ink runs to its head, and there is danger of a hemorrhage. Its digestive system is poor: it regurgitates and bubbles at the mouth. The least thing upsets its stomach. If you forget to put its cap on, even in mild weather, it contracts a serious congestion of the throat; with the result that the next letter you write proves a dry-point etching.

Taken all in all, pens have a great deal to answer for. The record they have left on the pages of history is a black one. Many a person who has sat down to write something bright and optimistic, has been so disillusioned and embittered by his pen, that he has ended by hacking a hymn of hate or drooling a dirge of despair. Which accounts for most of the world's harsh diplomacy and morbid literature.

Even this essay was originally intended to be cheerful.



**THE WINNER OF THE RACE**

**Oh, My!!!**

*Chaste Lucy was so pure, so good,  
Bad men passed by in haste.  
They'd never think of chasing her,  
So Lucy was unchased!*

**And That  
Might Win  
\$100.00**

Think of it! Why, **any one** could write a better jingle than that!

Sure! **You** could! And that's just why you are interested in

**The Snappy Stories Jingle Contest**

68 Prizes for 4-line jingles about Chaste Lucy.

**First Prize - - \$100.00**

**Second Prize - - \$50.00**

**Third Prize - - \$25.00**

**And a host of smaller ones**

Charles Hanson Towne, Oliver Herford and Ellis Parker Butler are the judges, and the contest is open to everybody. You don't even have to be a subscriber. See the current issue of SNAPPY STORIES for rules and instructions, and

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS!**



A charming den picture  
in full color, on heavy plate  
paper, size 11 x 14, sent to  
any address, carefully protect-  
ed and all ready **25c**  
for framing for

**"Take It From Me"**

in Stamps

**PUCK Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Ave., New York**

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck

### Ticker Topics

The epidemic of *dementia specularia* seems to be dying down a little, but the financial doctors have hopes. No, sir, Wall Street isn't going to be a bit discouraged as long as so many accounts in the brokerage houses show a balance on the right side of the book. Every dollar of it — sooner or later — is going to be good for margins, and margins (as the veriest tyro knows) are what make commissions.

"What's the name of that man you were telling me about the other day — chap who made eight or ten thousand in the stock market and who's putting up the twenty-thousand-dollar house and buying all the cars and things? You know — Pigeon — Region — something like that. What was it?"

"His name? Oh, his name is Legion."

Of course it's the munitions manufacturers who are responsible for all this preparedness talk. Isn't it a well-known fact that George Washington got big money for incorporating in his Farewell Address that passage about the necessity of being in a position to back up your demands? Likely as not the publicity man for the munitions people wrote it for him word for word.

A file of the articles on "Interest Rates After the War" that have been written during the past couple of months would, it is estimated, reach to the top of the Woolworth Building.

In the main, the conclusions reached are that after the war (1) interest rates will be higher; (2) that they will be lower; (3) that they will be the same.

One of life's joys is to see the price of your stock slide steadily away from the point which would let you out even, and then to hear it explained that the decline is due to "profit-taking."

To the Englishman, Consols are still the premier security.

Used to be because they sold higher in price, relative to the rate of interest paid, than any other security.

Now it's because there are more of them than any other bond.

Amidst the boom of cannon (it is a well-known fact) the soldiers sleep quietly in the trenches. So amidst the crashing echoes of the copper "boom," the copper stocks peacefully sleep.

How about Mr. Lawson? Did he make a false start, or, like the proverbial ground hog, did he perhaps stick out his head only to find that the birth-rate at present was not up to the required one-a-minute standard?

## February — A Month of Large Importance

First—It is the Birthday Month of The Store Accommodating—51 years old, thank you.

And for this one-year-over-the-half-century anniversary, big things, from a merchandising point of view, are happening in every part of the store.

Second—February is the month of two great Midwinter Sales: Furniture and Household Utilities. Naturally, they put on more effort than ever, in honor of the Anniversary.

The daily newspapers are telling the story—it's interesting. Read it.

Private Subway Station at Hoyt St.

**ABRAHAM AND STRAUS**  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Mail Orders Promptly Filled



A charming den picture in full color, on heavy plate paper, size 11 x 14, sent to any address, carefully protected and all ready for framing for **25c**

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PUCK Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Ave., New York



—Columbus (O.) Despatch.

### THE OLD GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

UNCLE SAM: It will be my blood that's shed, and my money that's spent — tell me before I go over there to mix up with a lot of Yaqui Indians and cutthroat bandits, what is the *real* reason for your being so anxious for me to intervene in Mexico?

### The Real Complaint

The trouble is not that the moving-pictures have taken over the drama's talented actresses so much as that they have taken over the prettiest ones.

### Dainty Dessert

Recipe for a successful Broadway play:

- 2½ cups brown sugar
- ¾ cup corn syrup
- 1 pint cream
- 2 tablespoons butter

### Problem Play Adage

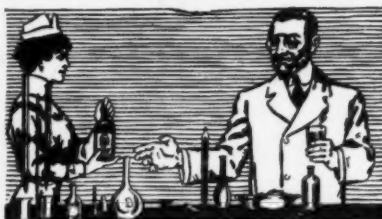
All the world loves a lover — except the woman's husband.



—London Opinion.

### SHIFTING THE GEARS

SHE: I see you've got your spurs on  
EX-MOTORING ENTHUSIAST: Yes, we use them to stick in the horses when we want them to—er—change speed!



### For Hospitals

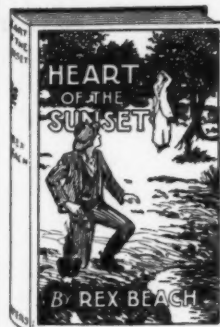
HOSPITALS use nothing but bottled-in-bond whiskey, and the brands chosen are judged by their purity and strength as well.

### Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

is the choice of most hospitals, which attests to the merits of this pure, exceptional rye. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond, the favorite of a century.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



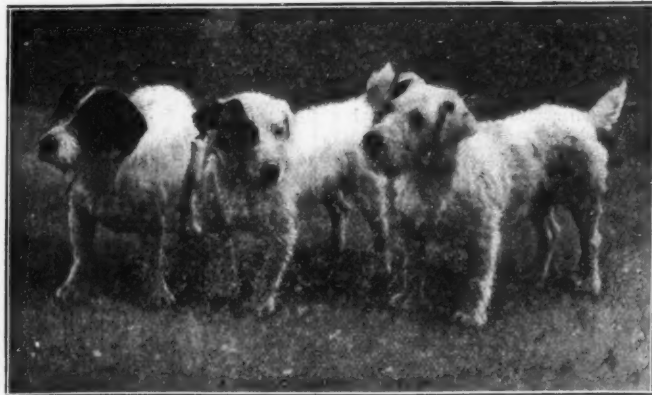
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"Wonderfully timely is the 'Heart of the Sunset,' a thrilling and fascinating romance by Rex Beach. . . . It is a smashing fine story, filled with humor, thrilling situations, and a great and tender love."

—Boston Globe.

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but perfection is no trifle.  
Every detail in the making of

## BLACK & WHITE *Scotch Whisky*

is scrupulously performed by  
the distillers.

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*free* orange perfume, sunshine, poppy blossoms, roaring breakers, alpenglow on snow peaks—and information on the best way to enjoy them. Write "Send sample copy of Sunset" on a piece of paper, wrap a dime in it and mail. If you want to know about motor roads, golf links, bridle trails, itineraries, hotel reservations, lands or investments anywhere west of the Rockies, ask Sunset Magazine Service Bureau. It dispenses advice without a charge to its readers. Send for a sample.

**W**E believe that the Pacific Slope of North America has more of real interest than any section of similar area in the world—and that's why Sunset Magazine makes an interesting addition to your library table.

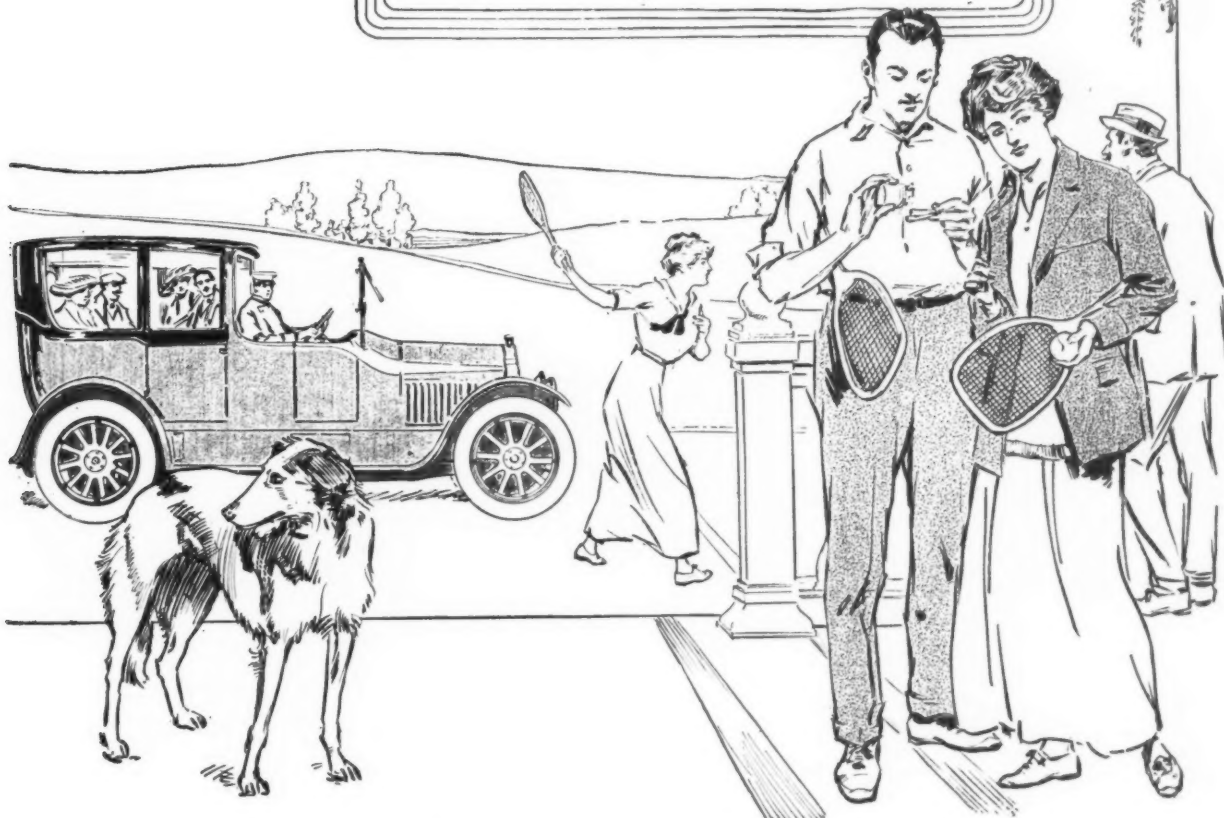
There is no other source of complete, vital, interesting monthly information concerning the Great West. And there are few magazines that present their contents more attractively than does Sunset Magazine.

The new Sunset in the larger size at fifteen cents (all news stands) is making a tremendous hit. The color pictures are worth framing. By the year (we'd rather have you that way) Sunset Magazine will be sent to any address in the United States for \$1.50.

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